

GOLDEN ARROW



A BRUNNEN PUBLICATION

10¢

68 PAGES

Starring

GOLDEN
ARROW

Wild West

Hero of
WHIZ

COMICS

WHIZ COMICS!

LED BY MIGHTY CAPTAIN MARVEL
ARE THESE SMASH HIT SPECIALS:



GOLDEN
ARROW

SPY SMASHER

IBIS

THE INVINCIBLE

LANCE O'CASEY

DR. VOODOO

ALL IN WHIZ COMICS
68 THRILLING PAGES

BUY IT TODAY!

WHIZ COMICS

10¢

ON SALE
EVERY
MONTH AT
YOUR FAVORITE
NEWSSTAND

GOLDEN ARROW

AND THE
MAD MEDICINE MAN

GOLDEN ARROW MIGHTY
CHAMPION OF THE OLD
WEST, FACES A NEW DANGER—
THE MAD MEDICINE MAN!

AN INDIAN RUNNER
APPROACHES GOLDEN
ARROW'S CABIN

WOW, IS HE
SCRATCHING
GRAVEL!

THE RUNNER GASPS
HIS MESSAGE...

"NEP STANDING BEAR
SEND ME... TELL YOU...
COME QUICK... GREAT...
DANGER!"

...AND FALLS DEAD
AT GOLDEN ARROW'S
FEET

???

MY FRIEND, CHIEF STANDING BEAR MUST INDEED BE IN GREAT DANGER. CERTAINLY SOMEBODY WANTED TO KEEP THE MOON MESSENGER FROM REACHING ME-- AND ALMOST SUCCEEDED.



CHIEF STANDING BEAR WHITE IN HIS TEENAGE WITH HIS ONLY SON, EATING CUB

FEAR NOT, ON MY SON SOON COMES MY FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW TO HELP US DISPER THE EVIL OWEN



THE TEEN'S MEDICINE MAN...

ALL THE POLE IS FALLING RIGHT SOON THERE WILL BE NO CHIEF AND NO SON TO SUCCEED HIM-- THEN I SHALL BE LEADER OF THE TRIBE



WAND, WHITE WIND-- SCRATCH GRAVEL!



BUT DEATH LURKS NEAR THE CHIEF AND HIS SON A GIANT TOTEM POLE TOPPLES TOWARD THEIR TENT



BUT AS IF BY A MIRACLE THE FALL OF THE POLE IS HALTED



THE CHIEF AND HIS SON RUSH OUT.

WHAT HAS
BEFALLENT?

GOLDEN
ARROW—
YOU HAVE
COME!

THAT'S RIGHT—
AND I SUSPECT
I WASN'T A
MINUTE TOO
SOON.

YOU MUCH
STRONG,
WHITE
FELLOW!

I FEAR AN EVIL SPIRIT LURKS
OVER MY SON. THREE NOW HAVE
ACCIDENTS. ALMOST TAKEN HIM
TO THE HAPPY HUNTING
GROUNDS.
I FEAR
THE
THIRD
TIME!

THIS IS
INDEED
SERIOUS.

WOTTA
MUSCLE!

THE EYE LADY THAT
HAUNTS LITTLE SITTING
CUR IS ACTUALLY THE
POWER-GRABBY
MEDICINE MAN.

IF I CAN GET RID OF THE
CHIEF AND HIS BRAT, I
SHALL BE LEADER OF
THE TRIBE. THE PALE
FACE, GOLDEN ARROW,
INTERFERES.

TOO MUCH
I MUST
GET RID
OF HIM,
ALSO!

THE CHIEF WILL WANT
TO SMOKE THE PEACE
PIPE WITH HIS FRIEND.
THE SECRET HERE
JUICE IS READY—
IT WILL KILL THEM
BOTH.

HERE OH GREAT CHIEF,
HE THE PIPE OF PEACE,
ALREADY FILLED THAT YOU
MAY SMOKE IT WITH YOUR HONOR-
ED FRIEND, THE
GOLDEN
ARROW.

THE CHIEF BRINGS THE PIPE TOWARDS HIS LIPS WHEN HIS MOUTH TOUCHES THE POISON, IT WILL MEAN INSTANT DEATH!

YOU ARE THOUGHTFUL MIGHTY MEDICINE MAN WE MUST INDEED SMOKE THE PIPE

BUT THE CHIEF HANDS THE PIPE TO GOLDEN ARROW FIRST!

AN O— HOW UNCOURTEOUS AM I OUR HONORED GUEST MUST BE PERMITTED TO SMOKE FIRST

BUT YOU SEE, I DON'T SMOKE

JUST A PUFF OR TWO ON HONORED WHITE FRIEND YOU SEE IT IS THE CUSTOM OF OUR TRIBE -- TO REFUSE WOULD BE INSULTING



IT MAY MAKE ME TERRIBLY SICK

I ASSURE YOU, YOU WILL NOT BE SICK YOU WILL NEVER FEEL IT!



NO! NO! ME UNWORTHY!

I AM BUT A HUMBLE ARCHER AND SHOULD NOT BE FIRST. I BELIEVE THE MIGHTY MEDICINE MAN SHOULD SMOKE FIRST

IT IS AS OUR GUEST WISHES-- THE MEDICINE MAN SHALL BE FIRST.

THE WILE MEDICINE MAN IS SURED SILEY.





AS THE PIPE FALLS,
A DOG RUNS UP TO
PLAY WITH IT...



...AND DROPS
DEAD!



MEANWHILE THE MEDICINE MAN
ESCAPES.



AT AN ARMY FORT IN THE VALLEY.





HE COME, TELL GREAT
WHITE FATHER OF INDIAN
LIVING.

WE FRIEND OF WHITE MAN
WE KNOW THAT CHIEF
STANDING BEAR PLANS TO
MASSACRE ALL WHITE
PEOPLE. BAD WHITE MAN
NOW IN CAMP WITH INDIANS
HIM GIVING BOOM-BOOM BUNS
TO STANDING BEAR'S PEOPLE.
YOU GO KILL STANDING BEAR,
BAD WHITE MAN—NOW!



PERHAPS,
HOW DO
YOU'RE
NOT
LYING?

YOU
HEAR
WAVE
GRUMS
JUST
NOW?

THAT'S
RIGHT
CAPTAIN
WE HEARD
THE
DRUMS—
WE'D
BETTER
GET
STARTED
BEFORE
TROUBLE



GO TONIGHT! MUCH
EASIER TO KILL THEM!

PERHAPS I'D BETTER
TAKE WHITE WIND
AND TRAIL THAT MURDEROUS
HEAD HE MAN AND BRING
HIM BACK.

LET THEM GO! NOW
WE KNOW HE'S
OUR ENEMY. HE
NOT FEAR HIM
YOU STAY HERE
BE MY GUEST.



THE CHIEF WISHS THAT GOLDEN
ARROW STAY OVERNIGHT

GOODNIGHT, WHITE FRIEND TOMORROW
WE HAVE BIG CEREMONY WAVE YOU
HONORARY MEMBER
OF TRIBE!



LED BY THE LYING
MEDICINE MAN, THE
SOLDIERS APPROACH
THE CAMP UNDER
COVER OF DARKNESS.



BETTER TO
SHOOT WHITE
MAN FIRST--
HIM MOST
DANGEROUS

LISTEN, REDSKIN,
YOU SEEM AWFUL
ANNOYED TO HAVE
SOMEBODY KILLED
NOW HE AIN'T
SHOOTIN' ANYBODY
UNLESS IT'S
NECESSARY--
UNDER-
STAND?



THE MAD MEDICINE MAN DECIDES TO
TAKE THINGS IN HIS OWN HANDS, SO
HE BREAKS AWAY FROM THE
SOLDIERS



UGH!



THERE AIN'T
BIRD!



HIM DEAD, NOW ME
GO KILL CHIEF



YOW!





THE SOLDIERS SURROUND GOLDEN ARROW.

SOLDIERS SHOOT HIM! THIS HUM--- VERY BAD WHITE MAN!



ONE EXCITED SOLDIER FIRES!



IF YOU WANT ME, YOU'LL HAVE TO COME AND GET ME!





REACHING THE CORRAL, GOLDEN ARROW JUMPS ON HIS OWN HORSE, WHITE WIND



LEAVING A BEAD, OUT OF
SIGHT OF THE SOLDIERS,
GOLDEN ARROW LEAPS FROM
WHITE HIND'S BACK.

KEEP
GOING
WHITE
HIND--
THEY'LL
FOLLOW
YOU.

HE'S OUT OF SIGHT
BUT WE'LL CATCH HIM--
THE TRAIL LEADS INTO
DEAD-END CANYON.

WE'LL HAVE THAT FELLOW
TRAPPED IN DEAD-END
CANYON.

THE LAST SOLDIER BETS
A SURPRISE PASSENGER.

THE TROOP REACHES
THE END OF THE
TRAIL IN DEAD-END
CANYON.

THERE'S
HIS
HORSE.

BUT HE'S
GONE.

I HAVEN'T DISAPPEARED--
HERE I AM AND I'M
READY TO TALK
PEACEABLY. BUT IF
YOU WANT TO SHOOT
IT OUT, I WARN YOU
THESE ARROWS
AREN'T TOYS!

GETTING A CLOSE LOOK, THE CAPTAIN
RECOGNIZES THE FAMOUS GOLDEN
ARROW.

NOW I
RECOGNIZE YOU--
YOU'RE NOT A
BADMAN-- YOU'RE
GOLDEN ARROW!

RIGHT-- IT'S
YOUR "FRIEND" THE
MEDICINE MAN, WHO
IS THE TROUBLE-
MAKER. IF HE HAD HIS
WAY, YOU'D HAVE STARTED
A WAR TONIGHT
WITH THESE
PEACEFUL
INDIANS.

MEANWHILE, THE WICED MEDICINE MAN HAS KIDNAPPED THE CHIEF'S SON

THE MEDICINE MAN RETURNS TO CAMP WHERE HE'S CONFRONTED BY THE CHIEF

WHILE THE SOLDIERS KILL THAT GOLDEN ARROW, I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU AND YOUR FATHER!

WTF
LIFE

MY SON STANDING CLIP IS KNEEDING WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF THIS MEDICINE MAN?

HUH, DALEFACE, TAKE YOUR SON I SEE!

GET DALEFACE!

WTF
STEAL PRINCE

IN A SPOT, THE MEDICINE MAN ATTACKS GOLDEN ARROW WHO HAS RETURNED TO CAMP, AND HE IS TIED TO A LOG

IS GOLDEN ARROW TO BE BURNED AT THE STAKE????

BEFORE THE CHIEF CAN STOP HIS SQUADS, THE MEDICINE MAN KILLS HIM WITH A CLUB

NO NO GOLDEN ARROW OUR FRIEND UGH..!

NO! HE BUILD FIRE UNDER DALEFACE ENEMY

THE FAITHFUL WHITE WIND IS BUSY FREEING THE CHIEF'S SON.

THE YOUNG INDIAN RUNS TO SAVE HIS FRIEND—WILL HE BE TOO LATE?



IT IS OUR PRINCE! THE CHIEF'S SON!

IT'S BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE! HEAR! FAST!

HE HELPS THE PALEFACE!

THE SAVAGES TURN ON THE MEDICINE MAN.

'CHASE THE MEDICINE MAN! HE IS THE EVIL ONE! WE'LL BURN HIM!'



WITH HIS CLOTHES AFLAME, THE TERRIFIED MEDICINE MAN FALLS FROM A HIGH CLIFF TO CERTAIN DEATH IN THE GULF BELOW.

PROTECTED FROM HIS BLOW ON THE HEAD, THE CHIEF WELCOMES GOLDEN ARROW AS AN HONORARY MEMBER OF HIS TRIBE.



THRILLS OF THE OLD WEST! READ THE ADVENTURES OF GOLDEN ARROW EACH MONTH IN THE POPULAR **WHIZ COMICS!**

GOLDEN ARROW



GOLDEN ARROW, MIGHTY ARCHER OF THE OLD WEST, FEARS NO MAN BUT WHEN HE COMES UP AGAINST A GHOST—WELL, HERE'S THE STORY!

GOLDEN ARROW SITS ALONE IN HIS MOUNTAIN CABIN.

THAT COYOTE HOWLING LIKE THAT MAKES ME ALMOST BELIEVE IN GHOSTS.

A COYOTE'S HOWLING PIERCES THE NIGHT AIR.

YOW!

A BULLET PIERCES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

SECOND LATER, THERE'S
A LOUD KNOCK AT SOLDIER
ARROW'S DOOR



LET ME IN,
QUICK!



THE GUN GHOST
NEARLY GOT ME!



GUN GHOST?
WHERE?

THERE!



LOOK
OUT!



THE GUN GHOST RODE AWAY



I'LL GO
AFTER
HIM!

NO, NOT NOW, DON'T LEAVE
ME ALONE. I'M A BRAVE
MAN, BUT MY NERVES
ARE ALL ON EDGE. LET
ME TELL YOU WHAT
THE GUN GHOST HAS
DONE TO ME







MR. FUDGE RECALLED HAD TO PAY
A HAND FOR DRINKING TOO MUCH
AND HE THREATENED TO GET EVEN.
HE WOULD WIN OUT.



THEN THERE WERE
ENNY. THEN HE
OFF MY BARN WHEN
FOUD HIM GETTING INTO
MY CAFE.



AND CHASED THAT YOUNG
SCALLYWAG. WHEN WHEN
CAUGHT HIM TRYING TO COURT
MY DAUGHTER BEHIND MY BACK.



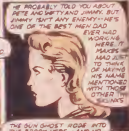
ALL THREE OF THEM
SCOUNDRELS ARE HORRIBLE
AND AT ME - BECAUSE
EVERY ONE OF THEM WOULD
LIKE TO SEE ME TOWNED.

ONE OF
THEM MIGHT
BE THE GUN
GHOST ALL
TOWN.

LOOK!
THE GUN GHOST











GOLDEN ARROW

THE BADMEN ENJOY THEIR JOKE.

HE! HE! HE! THAT
WAS FUNNY H-H-H!

HE! HE! HE! YOU
SHOULD'A SEEN THE
SURPRISED LOOK ON
HIS PRETTY FACE!
HE! HE!

But NOT FOR LONG.

GOLDEN ARROW LEAVES

WELL SO LONG
FELLAS. I'M OFF
TO HELP RANCHER
RIGGS.

HA, HA, HA! LOOK AT THE
SIAMSE TWINS!

LEAVE
GO!

HEY NOT SO
EASY!

SHE VILAIN VOWS
VENGEANCE!

MAKE ME A LAUGHING
STOCK, WILL HE—I'LL
GET EVEN WITH GOLDEN
ARROW & IT'S THE LAST
THING I DO!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE
RIGGS RANCH, THE
GUN GHOST APPEARS
AGAIN.

AT BREAKFAST, NEXT MORNING.

THE
GUN SHOT
THIS MORNING
LAST NIGHT
FOUND TRACKS
THIS MORNING.

DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT
IT TO THE NEW MEN WE GOT
COMING ON TODAY. THEY SAY
IF THEY KNOW YOU WERE
WORKING ON THE RANCH
THEY WOULDN'T BE SCARED.
BUT—WELL—JUST DON'T
MENTION IT.

I WON'T
MENTION IT.

A FEW MINUTES LATER,
GERRY ENTERS THE STABLE.

HOW ABOUT
A LITTLE
WORKOUT
BOY?

GERRY'S RUTHLESS HORSE
PROTECTS HER.

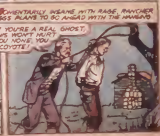
YEEHOW!

LOOK! I FOUND
THE GUN SHOT
IN THE STABLE!

WELL, I FOUND SOME-
THING IN THE BUNKHOUSE—
AND THIS IS IT!

NO, I FOUND THE GUN SHOT
IN THE HAY LOFT—AND
—HERE'S PROOF!

HERE'S THE PROOF
I FOUND THIS NIGHT
IN THE HAY WITH
HER!



JONES OFFERS A LAST CHANCE FOR CONFESSION.

NOW, IF YOU'LL ADMIT YOU ARE THE GUN SHOOT, MAYBE I'LL CALL OF THE HANGIN' AN' TURN YOU OVER TO THE SHERIFF.

BUT I AM NOT THE GUN SHOOT—OR ANY OTHER KIND OF SHOOT.

ALL RIGHT THEN, HAND YOU STUBBORN IDIOT!



GUY GHOST THE PARTY'S
OVER — IT'S TIME TO
UNMASK!



THE GUN GHOST UNMASKS!

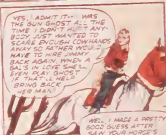
IT'S
GERRY!



MY DAUGHTER!



YES, I ADMIT IT! — WAS
THE GUN GHOST ALL THE
TIME I DIDN'T WANT ANY-
BODY JUST WANTED TO
SCARE ENOUGH COMMANDS
AWAY SO RATHER WOULD
HAVE TO HIRE JIMMY
BACK AGAIN, WHEN A
GAL'S IN LOVE SHE'LL
EVEN PLAY GHOST
IF THAT'LL HELP
BRING BACK
JER MAN!



WELL, I MADE A PRETTY
GOOD GUESS AFTER
SAW YOUR HORSE'S
TRACKS IN THE GRAVE-
YARD BUT I KNEW YOU
HAD BEEN CAREFUL
NOT TO HIT ANYBODY
WITH YOUR SHOOTING
AND SO I WANTED TO
SEE WHAT YOUR GAME
WAS BEFORE BRING-
IT AWAY AND SINCE
YOU AND JIMMY WERE
TOGETHER
AGAIN,
I GUESS WAITED
JUST LONG
ENOUGH

BUT IF YOU'RE
REALLY THE GHOST,
HOW COME I FOUND
THE HOOD RIGHT BY
JIMMY?

I HAD ONE HIDDEN
IN THE RAFTERS
THERE — IT MUST
HAVE FALLEN
DOWN BESIDE
HIM WHILE HE WAS
ASLEEP THAT'S
ALL

I WANT TO
THANK YOU
MR GOLDEN
ARROW, FOR
KEEPING MY
SECRET SO
WELL YOU
KNEW FROM
THE FIRST THAT
WAS THE
GHOST DON'T
YOU?



Read GOLDEN ARROW EVERY MONTH IN WHIZ COMICS!

BRAVE YELLOW BELLY

FROM HIS HAPPY
 PLATONIC GROUND
 COMES AN INDIAN ON
 HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE
 BIG CITY. HE TAKES A
 CAB AND AFTER BEING
 WHEELED AROUND THE
 BLOCK A HUNDRED
 TIMES IS DEPOSITED IN
 FRONT OF A LUXURIOUS
 HOTEL. LOTS FOLLOW HIM.









AFTER A BATH ONE POURS ONE'S SELF SO



SECONDS LATER... IN HOTEL'S BALL ROOM



ALAS! BUT PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL!



NEARBY AT THE MOMENT...





MEANWHILE, IN THE HOTEL ROYAL BELOW...



GOLDEN ARROW

GOLDEN ARROW, MATCHLESS ARCHER OF THE OLD WEST, EMPLOYS HIS GREAT SKILL WITH THE BOW AGAINST BADMEN AND INDIANS ALIKE AND FINDS NONE SUPERIOR BUT IN THE DESERT RUNS OF ANCIEN^T LOST CITY. GOLDEN ARROW PLAYS HIS GREATEST MATCH OF WITS AND HEARTS—AGAINST AN UNSEEN ARABIAN DAI^{MON}!

AND THE
MYSTERY OF
LOST CITY



GOLDEN ARROW, RIDING THE DESERT TRAIL, PULLS UP SHORT AS HE SPOTS SOMETHING IN THE HEAT-HAZED SAND.

WHOA, WHITE WIND!
WHOA, BOY!
LET'S TAKE
A LOOK
AT THAT.





A NOTE PINNED ON THE BUFFALO SKULL!

GOLDEN ARROW GALLOPS OFF INTO THE DESERT— BUT LAUGHTER FOLLOWS HIM FROM BEHIND A HELL!



LOST CITY IN A RECKON (I'LL LOOK INTO THIS)



WANDO WHITE HIND!

HA, HA! THERE GOES GOLDEN ARROW ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE! HA, HA!



GOLDEN ARROW HAS BEEN SENT OFF ON A FALSE TRAIL BY YOUNG LEM GULPER AND THE COMPLETERS OF THE LOST K. RANCH!

YOU WROT A PUTTY GOOD NOTE LEM, TO FOOL GOLDEN ARROW!

I HADDA SET HIM OVER TH' WAY ON ACCOUNT OF OTHERWISE HE'D SPOL MY PLANS.

FEAR, BUT NOW HAIN'T LEM!

YOU BOYS GOTTA HELP ME CLEM! HE WOULD HARRY ME, EXCEPT SHE SPEED SLOW! PER GOLDEN ARROW! SAYS HE ALLUS DOES SUCH GREAT DEEDS SO YOU FELLAS PERTEND TO HOLD UP THE STAGE-COACH, TH' ONE CLEMENTINE'S RIDIN' IN RIGHT NOW...



AND THEN I'LL COME TEARIN' ALONG AND BUST IT UP, SASSY F!



HOLD UP THE STAGECOACH?
NOT ME!

THAT'S
ABOUT THE
WAY!

AW, HUNT, FELLAS!
WE ONLY PRETEND
TO DO IT.



GAMEN BOYS!
AIN'T WE NEVER
BEEN IN LOVE?

NO, AN' TH'
WHY IT'S
TOOK ON YOU,
LEH, IT'S
P-REH!



RECKON HE
BETTER DO
IT FER HIM

YEH, WE'LL
HAVE SOME
FUN ANYHOW.

FIRST TIME
EVER
PLAYED
CLIPDI!



PUT THEM MASKS
ON, AN' HERE'S
BLANK CARTRIDGES.
BRUNG, SO'S NOBODY
GETS
HURT!

DON'T
FORGET TO
USE 'EM
YERSELF,
LEH!



ME, I'M USIN' A
BOMB-AND-ARPER,
LIKE GOLDEN
ARPER SHOULD!

SURE,
WE CAN
HANDLE
THAT THING
RIGHT?



SURE, EASY NOW REMEMBER
HOLD UP THE STAGE AT WILDCAT
GULCH. MAKE IT GOOD, FELLAS!

WHEEE!

LEW GULPER STATIONS HIMSELF NEAR WILDEST GULCH, AS THE STAGG COACH APPROACHES

HERE COMES THE COACH--AND CLEMENTINE! AN' GARNER CLEMENTINE! SHE'S THE MOST PURTIEST GAL IN THE HELL BARN WORLD!

AND NOW LET US MEET THIS LOVELY CREATURE WHOSE CHARM HAS MADE LONN LEW GULPER TO THIS EXTREMITY

I HAD SUCH A NICE VISIT WITH AUNTIE BUT NOW I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING LEW AGAIN AND--AND-- GOLDEN ARROW

BUT WHICH DOES THE DREAM OF MOST? WHO TAKES FIRST PLACE?

AWAY! AWAY!

SANDS! IT'S A HOT HOT!

BANG! BANG!

LEAVE AWAY BUT GOLDEN ARROW-- SURE!

WHEEE! YIPPEE! PULL UP, YOU, AND GARB SKY!



WE'RE GONNA HIDE OUT, AND WE NEED A COON MIGHT AS WELL BE A PURTY CRITTER-- IS THIS, HAWK HAWK HAWK

LET ME GO! OH, IF ONLY GOLDEN ARROW-- WHY? WHY? HERE HE COMES NOW-- T.T.

HE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS IN POLECATS...

SHEET MORE MOUTH!

HERE'S THE GOLD!



WE'RE GONNA HIDE OUT, AND WE NEED A COON MIGHT AS WELL BE A PURTY CRITTER-- IS THIS, HAWK HAWK HAWK



BUT IT'S LEAM GULPER WHO DOES THE RESCUE!



THE BOYS SMOKE DON'T SWELL! BUT HERE'S WHERE I BUST IN, JUST LIKE GOLDEN ARROW AND WHIT AND WOULD SIDDAR, BROWN BUFFE!

HEY, YOU GIMERY HARMINTS! YOU GOT LEAM GULPER TO RESCUH WITH! SURRENDER, OR I AMN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS TO YA!



SHOOT HIM!

HEY! REAL BULLETS BY GOLLY! THOSE GUYS PERGOT TO USE TH BLANKS! WELL, I'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND GO THROUGH WITH IT SOTTA-AND

MENTIVE



LEAM! NOW WONDERFUL

SO YA ALL SURRENDER EN?

WELL, I'LL BE...



DON'T SHOOT TH FOOL, JEST BAT HIM SILLY AND FLING HIM IN TH DITCH!



HEY, WHAT'S GOIN' ON USN!

AND I'M S FLYING AND...



SOME TIME LATER...

WELL, GETTIN' THEM WAS REAL BLANDITE!



WELL, WHO'DA THOUGHT THEY WERE-- DANCEHALL DALS? THEY GOT AWAY WITH TH' GOLD AND TH' GAL!

BUT... BUT... WHAT HAPPENED TO MY PAIS?

5 LEM'S FRIENDS ARRIVE.

HEY LEM! WHERE'S THE COACH? HE WAITED AN' WAITED AND IT DIDNT COME SO NOW CAN WE FIND IT?

IT'S BEEN ROBBED-- BY REAL BADMEN! AN' THEY TOOK OFF CLEMENTINE! DONT TALK TO ME, I'M SICK!



GAWD, WHAT A MESS! PLAYIN' GOLDEN ARROW, I GOT CLEMENTINE IN TH' HANDS OF REAL BADMEN! NOW SHE THINKS I'M A CONSUMN FOOL FOR SURE!

HEY WALT! NOW'S MY REAL CHANCE TO RESCUE HER! I KNOW FELLAS WE'RE GONNA TRACK DOWN THEM COWTIES! I'LL CAN'T LET 'EM DOWN!

WELL?



THE CONSPIRATORS RIDE OFF ON THE BANDIT TRAIL AS THE SUN SETS!

MEANWHILE FOLLOWING THE FALSE NOTE'S DIRECTIONS, GOLDEN ARROW HAS COME TO LOST CITY, AN EXTINCT VILLAGE OF THE ANCIENT MAYAN INDIANS.

DOESNT SEEM TO BE ANYTHING OF AND HERE WONDER WHERE THE WRITER OF THAT NOTE IS?







THE BANDIT LEADER FACES GOLDEN ARROW, NOW HIS PRISONER.

RECOGNIZE YOUR VOICE, SHAGS BITE HOGAN?

SHORE WHAT'S MORE, I JUST ROBBED THE STAGECOACH. CAME HERE TO LOST CITY TO HIDE OUT.

BUT YOU AINT GONNA LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY! YOU AINT TH' REBELS GOT A ONE-WAY TICKET TO THE PEARLY GATES, HAH, HAH, HAH!

GOLDEN ARROW!

IT SHORE IS WHAT A BOGE HE BAGGED!



BUT THE BANDIT CHIEF FIRST HAS GOLDEN ARROW AND THE PROFESSOR STRUNG UP BY THEIR THUMBES. AN OLD INDIAN TORTURE!

WE CAUGHT PLENTY O' MY RALS IN YORE TIME SO I JUST WANT YA TO HANG THERE AND SUFFER A BIT. HAW HAW, HAW! HURTS, DOESN'T IT?

HO HUM YOU BOGE ME, HOGAN.



DEAR ME THIS IS SERIOUS, YOUNG MAN!

EASY, PROFESSOR! I'VE BEEN IN WORST SCRAPES--THINK



CLIMBING SUFFERS EQUALLY!

OH, GOLDEN ARROW! MY HERO--

BUT MOON OVER THAT GUY AND FRESH TO SILENCE YOU.



MEANWHILE, LEAD GUNNER ARRIVES AT LOST CITY WITH HIS COMPLICERS!

LOOK! WHO'S THAT THE BADMEN HAVE STRUNG UP





AND INTO THEIR SACRED LOST CITY BRING
THE SABAGES, DOING THE BADMEN JUST!



THEIR PRISONERS ARE LEFT
BEHIND BY THE PANICKED BADMEN.



... ONLY TO BECOME PRISONERS OF THE SABAGES!



IT IS TIME FOR THE
QUICK HIT OF GOLDEN
ARROW!



IF YOU
GREAT
SPIRIT,
ARROVE
IT!

WILL HAVE
YOUR BEST BOWMAN
SHOOT AN ARROW
WILL SHOOT ONE
TWICE AS FAR!

A POWERFUL BRAVE
SENDS AN ARROW FAR
THROUGH THE AIR!



BUT A GOLDEN ARROW
FOLLOWS, PASSES THE
FIRST SHARP LIKE A BULLET
AND PLUNGES FAR OUT
OF SIGHT!



THE INDIANS ARE DEEPLY IMPRESSED—
ALSO CLIMENTINE ---

GOLDEN ARROW! YOU'RE
JUST WONDERFUL!

ONLY A GREAT
SPIRIT COULD
SHOOTUM THAT FAR!

ER... UN...
...

BUT SUDDENLY A
GLOOMY VOICE RINGS
FROM THE STONE
IDOL NEARBY!

FORES! LISTEN
TO YOUR TRUE
GREAT SPIRIT!

SNAKEBITE
HOGAN HAS
CREPT BACK
TO THE
SCENE AND
SLURPED
UPON THE
STONE
IDOL!

GOTTA MAKE THOSE
INDIANS KILL THEM!
OTHERWISE THEY'LL
PIN THE STAGECOACH JOB
ON ME! IF THEM
SAVAGES BITE ON
THIS---

HE'S A FAKE GOD! SCALP HIM AND
HIS FRIENDS!

THAT'S
HOGAN,
PULLING A
FAST ONE!
NOW WHAT
CAN WE
TRY? ANY
IDEAS,
PROFESSOR?

DEAR ME, I
DON'T BELIEVE
I— BUT COULD
YOU---

AFTER A WHISPERED
CONSULTATION WITH
THE PROFESSOR,
GOLDEN ARROW
SPRINGS INTO ACTION.

STAND BACK—I'LL PROVE
I'M THE TRUE GREAT
SPIRIT.

I'LL SHOOT A PIECE
OUT OF THE MOON!

WITH A HOWL OF TERROR, THE INDIANS FLEE AS GOLDEN ARROW'S SHOT SEEMS TO DO AS HE SAYS!

HIM DESTROY MOON!

HIM POWERFUL GOD!

RUN!
RUN!

WATCHING FROM THE HILLS, LEM GULPER IS OVERJOYED AT THIS TURN OF EVENTS—

WHEN! THAT WAS CLOSE! I WAS ALMOST READY TO CHANGE THEM SAVAGES EVEN IF IT COST ME EVERY FRIEND I HAD HERE!

C'MON, FELLAS! THEM INDIANS IS GONE!

PROFESSOR SQUINCH SPIES THE APPROACHING HORSEMEN.

I'LL FIX THEM!

LOOK! NOW THE BADMEN ARE RETURNING!

GOLDEN ARROW SENDS A WITHERING BLAST OF ARROWS AT THE ONCOMING GROUP, NOT KNOWING THEY ARE FRIENDS!

WHA—?

YIPE!

I'M WARMED UP NOW!

AGAIN, LEM BULPER HAS EVERYTHING BEAUTIFULLY TRAMPLED UP!

HEY! WAIT! LEMME EXPLAIN—

EXPLAIN, NOTHING THEY'RE AFTER OUR LIVES!

FOLLOW ME, WE'LL HIDE IN THE RUNS.

INTO THE PYRAMID!

DEEP IN THE PYRAMID THEY STOP.

SAFE FOR THE TIME BEING, I HAVE TO FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF CAPTURING THAT BANDIT GANG.

YOU'LL DO IT, I KNOW, GOLDEN ARROW! IF ONLY LEM BULPER WERE LIKE YOU! I HATE HIM.

ER... PLEASE, CLEMENTINE, LEM BULPER'S A FINE FELLOW. HE REALLY IS!

SHE SURE DOES "HATE" HIM, HA, HA!

WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS LIKE A WAY OUT WITHOUT RUNNING INTO THE BADMEN!

*Golden Arrow finds
an underground
passage.*

YOU AND THE PROFESSOR
STAY HERE. I'LL EXPLORE
THIS PASSAGE.



*The passage leads to
others that honeycomb
under Lost City.*

CAN REACH ANY
PART OF LOST CITY!



VOICES!
JUST
ABOVE
ME!



HOGAN'S
CAMPFIRE!



Golden Arrow goes below again.

TOO CLOSE TO
COME UP THERE
I'LL FIND A SPOT
FARTHER ON TO
COME OUT.



ANOTHER CAMPFIRE
— BEYOND THAT WALL!
HOW CAN IT BE?



WELL, I'LL BE— IT'S
LEM GULPER AND
THE COMPANIONS
OF THE LAZY K!



SHUCKS! I CAN'T FIND
GOLDEN ARROW! AN
CLEMENTINE! OR HOGAN
EITHER! EVERYTHING'S
GONE PLUMB WRONG
FROM THE VERY FIRST!

GOLDEN ARROW'D NEVER
FORGIVE ME ABOUT THAT
FAKE NOTE! AND IF
CLEMENTINE EVER FINDS
OUT ABOUT IT, WHILE THEY'RE
TOGETHER, I'M SUNK WITH HER!
AND THEN THAT FINE STAGE
ROBBERY THAT DIDN'T WORK
ANYHOW

SANDY
AWFUL

IT'S CLEAR NOW TO THE
EYEDROPPING GOLDEN ARROW!

LOOKS LIKE HAVE TO STRAIGHTEN
THIS OUT— AND PLAY CLUD!
HERE'S A PIECE OF BARK AND
SOME CHARCOAL.
I'LL SEND
HIM A
NOTE!

CLEMENTINE!

AM, OUT
MOOGIN!

A GOLDEN ARROW
WHIZZES FROM
NOWHERE!

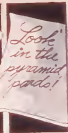
SANDY!
A NOTE!

*Clementine
is in the
pyramid!
a friend.*

NOW TO GET TO
HOGAN'S CAMPFIRE,
AND SEND HIM
A NOTE!

Snakebite HOGAN
PREPARES TO MAKE A
THOROUGH SEARCH OF
LOST CITY

"OH, MEN! WE GOTTA FIND
THEM! THREE MORE THEY ESCAPE
AND BLAS ABOUT TH' ROBBERY!"



GOLDEN ARROW RACES THROUGH THE
CAVERNS BELOW TO THE PYRAMID

BUT SNAKEBITE HOGAN ARRIVES
FIRST AT THE PYRAMID!

"LEM AND HOGAN WLL. BE THERE
ABOUT THE SAME
TIME IT'S
POOR LEM'S
LAST CHANCE
TO PLAY THE
HERO ROLE
FOR CLEMENTINE!
CAN'T LET THAT
CLUID HOMERE
DOWN!"

LEM ARRIVES FAR
AHEAD OF HIS
"PUNCHER"
FRIENDS!

"A GINERY LOW
DOWN, BLASTED
COWYD! I'LL
KILL HIM!"

"HE GOT TH' GAIL
AND TH' PERFESSION!
THE GAIL PAINTED!"

"I'LL PLUS EM!"

"WELL WHAT,
CHUMP? TAKE
THIS!"

"UGH"

GOLDEN ARROW LEAPS FROM THE PYRAMID.

I'VE FAILED AGAIN!
BECAUSE I'LL HAVE TO
TAKE OVER MYSELF!



IT'S A
BUFFALO
STAMPEDE!



A CHARGE!

BETTER SKIP
PROFESSOR, NOW'S
YOUR CHANCE!



SPAT!

RUN! DEAR ME, NO!
I SHALL HELP YOU,
GOLDEN ARROW!



YOU? NO,
NO, NO!

MY DEAR
FELLOW! I
WAS WRESTLING
CHAMP AT
COLLEGE!



THE OTHER OUTLAWS LUNGE AT
THE FIGHTING PROFESSOR!



HEY!

DEAR ME MUST
I USE MY
JUJITSU?



BAD MAN OF BIXBY

by Joseph J. Millard



NOBODY KNEW Sandvick Pete's real name or where he came from. The boys from the Bar L found him wandering, dazed and half dead, on the great Sandhill Desert. There was a bloody bruise on his head and a fever in his veins. His talk was a babble and his mind a total blank.

They brought him to the range town of Bixby, patched him up and fed him. Mac Ryan, who ran the Fortune House, nicknamed him Sandvick Pete and gave him a job sweeping and cleaning around the saloon in exchange for a wooden bed and his meals.

"He ain't right in his head," Mac told the assembled con-boys, the night Pete went to work. "But he's a good guy. You birds lay off him, see. No jokes and no looking around. Got me?"

Because Mac had an Irish temper, two pig-driver sets and a double-barrel shotgun, his word was respected. The boys accepted the game, bearded, alone figure and left him alone.

"Funny thing about Pete," Ducky Regan said, one night. "He ain't very old, except that that beard makes him look old, and he's built like a fighter. I'll bet whoever he is, he used to be somebody."

The boys sometimes talked to Pete, trying to probe into his mysterious past, trying to dig up some clue as to who he really was. But it was no use. Pete could remember nothing. His mind was a blank as far as any past life was concerned.

Lance Walker of the Lazy M handed Pete his gun one night. Pete took the weapon, preat-

handed Colt in his strong hands and handled it lovingly. As first his movements were awkward. Then, somehow, the big weapon did suit his palm and his fingers closed over it. For a moment, it seemed as though another man stood in Pete's place.

He straightened, threw his shoulders back and dropped into a half crouch. A stranger fire came into his eyes. The big gun slipped at his side, then snapped up, jerked, and a double flipped back the heavy hammer with the expertise of long acquaintance.

Then, as suddenly as it came, the mood was gone. Pete's shoulders slumped. He stared dully at the gun, fumbled with it and dropped it.

"He almost had his memory back that time," he said. "But you can take it from me, what ever Pete used to be, he was a gun-fighter. The way that gun snapped up, you can tell he's handled one plenty."

A month passed and the interest in the mystery of Sandvick Pete gradually faded before a new topic of conversation. Buck Beaver was getting too big for his boots.

Big and bald as there he was, Buck Beaver was gradually accumulating a band of enthusiasts and starting to take over the range. He began by showing up a couple of small ranchers. Then he scared every other, taking those land and herds. The sheriff made one try at arresting Buck and came home full of 44 slugs. After that, nobody argued with Buck.

"Trouble is," Lance said to the crowd one night, "we ain't no lighters. The range around Bixby's been powerful for so long we've forgotten how to use our guns. Somebody ought to stand up to Buck and his gang and show them out from under those Sertons, but I don't want the job. That guy's a venterlike on the drive—fast and deadly."

"Lance is right," Mac Ryan agreed, "but rather we clean up the Buck Beaver crowd as late everything we own. Last time he came to town, the boys show up my place here just to be sure I hear they're due as again, drive anyone new and I'm figuring when he comes. I'll be my kind. Because I'm going to face him, win or lose—and I'll probably lose."

Ducky Regan rolled a smile, growling: "The last real gunner we had in this country was that two-gun sheriff Parsons they had over at Sage Cay. He really knew how a handle had men. Too bad he died."

"Yeah," Mac agreed. "He went out into the Sandhill after a gang of cattle thieves and never came back. We could use a guy like that right now."

Over in his corner, Sandvick Pete listened quietly. Most of what was said meant nothing to his dazed mind.

Somewhere Pete had found a flower, a faded and dusty desert rose. He had carefully planted the rose in an old tin can and on it he lavished all the love and affection of a lonely heart.

Pete watched the flower now, wishing there was something he

A RANGE BULLY and tough who boasted of his kill-

could do for these others, these men who had done so much for him. But what could a helpless, hand-tied kid like him plan or what could trembling, unconscious hands accomplish?

There was no warning at all. Sudden! his foot was nailed in the night outside. Sudden! another crashed, boots slapped heavily on the board walk and the heavy doors of the Century House slammed open. Buck Beaver had his hand between legs, cramped.

"Well, well," Buck started snarling, looking around on two men carrying boxes. "Just back the gang of money politicians that's mean to restrain the town."

A mumble of harsh laughter swept the gang. No one in the Century House spoke! Suddenly to Buck's eyes fell on Sarshest Pete, crouching quietly at one side.

"Yes," Buck roared. "Get up and fight!"

Pete only stared, his skull reeling unable to understand.

"Name yours!" Buck snarled, jerking his gun. "I said name!"

The gun thundered and a slug tore at the floor by Pete's feet. He jerked back, twisting. Ducky Regan leaped to his feet.

"Get that out!" he shouted. "Pete Pete isn't right in the head. He can't understand you. Lay off him!"

"What?" Buck roared, his eyes narrowing. "Are you about to give me orders? Why, damn you . . ."

The gun clattered again. This time, no splinters flew. Ducky Regan crouched at his shoulder there and then tumbled in the floor, almost at Sarshest Pete's feet. Pete stared at him, knowing a dull agony. Ducky had been his friend. Now Ducky was dead and there was nothing Pete could do. He stared at the gun peeping from Ducky's holster but he could not remember what it was or how to use it.

"Anybody else want to get caught?" Buck sneered, waving the gun.

THE REST of his crew had driven and were crouching, waiting for an excuse to loose a slaughter on the helpless teachers. For one minute. Fighting was one thing. Facing cold-blooded murder was something else.

"How dare!" Buck belted suddenly. "Would you look at that! A party flower all doped up on that stuff. Mr. oh my, isn't there more boys in the town just darning?"

The rest of his gang glowered at their leader's wit. The ranch men smiled angrily but the menace of a dozen eager guns was enough to curb their fury. At the slightest move, they knew that their guns would blur and flame, turning the place into a slaughter house.

"Watch me, boys," Buck snickered, lifting one gun. "Just watch me. I'll show you how to pack flowers with a slug-gun. Betcha I'll cut that arm with my first shot."

The gun belated and tripped. Across the room, the faded rose that had moved everything in Sarshest Pete suddenly disappeared in a swirl of torn petals and shivered to bits. The petals floated for a moment, then drifted slowly down to the sidewalk floor, through the layers of blue, and green.

SARSHEST PETE saw the destruction of his flower. His eyes saw the destruction and suddenly something happened. It seemed that the ruthless act was a last act against a terrible explosion inside his brain. He felt a terrible fire of fury burn inside him and then it seemed that the flames of that fire were leaping up his brain, burning away the mists that had clogged his mind.

And suddenly, Sarshest Pete was no longer a cowering, helpless, useless bulk of humanity.

With a roar of rage, he whirled, crouching, and then himself across toward the body of Ducky Regan. Buck Beaver saw the movement and spun, clamping down that tier at the

floor and wall without spin, meeting the darting figure. His men yelled and fired.

Then Sarshest Pete had reached the body and his hand was clamping over the head of Ducky Regan's gun. But now there was no trembling, no hesitation in his grip. Nor was there any dullness in the voice that suddenly snarled:

"All right, you murdering palooka! You thought you'd finished me once, but there in the Sarshest Desert, when you and your killers ambushed me. But that time, it's face to face! Let's see you fight!"

Then he was standing erect, Juggan that had been Ducky Regan's leaping and howling in his arm, strong hand. Buck Beaver shot just once and then slug went into the floor as he aimed, dying.

Lead clattered and thundered in the saloon as Buck's men tried to kill the queer figure that faced them. Some of that lead struck the man who had been Sarshest Pete. It staggered him, but he kept on going until the gun was empty—and for every shot a man went down.

By that time, the rest of the ranchmen had recovered from their shock and were adding their fire. In a moment, the guns were silent as the last business fell. It was Mac Ryan who reached the slumping figure of Sarshest Pete first.

"Pete!" he shouted. "Pete, hang on! You'll be all right, man! We're getting a doc to patch you up!"

"I'm all right, Mac," Pete grinned. "I've taken worse lead and lead. But they did me a favor. The shock cleared my head so I remember everything. I'm Bet Porcine, sheriff of Sage City. I was on the trail of Buck's gang when they ambushed me and their slug knocked my memory out. Now I'll be okay again—and this time I think I'll stay here in Baby. I sort of like you fellows. You're real friends."

The End

IT'S A **GIANT!** (BUT DON'T
BE SCARED)

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GOLDEN ARROW



IMPORTING AND
KILLING TO DRIVE OUT
SHEPHERDS IS AN OLD
TRICK OF BIG CATTLE
RANCHERS IN THE
WEST. BUT THIS TIME
THE LOWLY SHEP-
HERDS HAVE A
FRIEND - GOLDEN
ARROW, A LAD WHOSE
SPEED, COURAGE AND
LOVE FOR JUSTICE HAVE
BURNED HIS NAME
ACROSS THE WEST
LIKE A PRAIRIE
WILDFIRE!

DISCUSSION, YOU GOT A
REPUTATION FOR BEING A
KILLER, BUT I JUST WANT
THE PEERY SHEPHERDS
SCARED OUTA THIS
COUNTRY. I NEED
THEIR LAND.

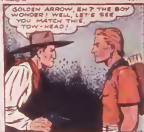
A DEL-EE-CARE
JOB, BUT DON'T
FORGET, GORDON,
HE AND THE BOYS
CAN HANDLE IT.

WELL, THAT'S
OKAY. I'LL
STAY AROUND HERE
WITH A FEW OTHERS
AND WATCH THEM
IN.

SHEPHERD - THAT'S
WHAT IT IS.
WELL, THAT'S
WHAT IT IS.









Look THE HORSE CATCHES
THE ROPE'S BEHIND A TREE!



GOOD
WORK,
OLD
BIL!

PAUSED FROM THEIR NOISE,
THE KILLERS ARE KATYED!



WHAT
THAT?

SAKE
GOXT!

THE KILLERS FIND THEMSELVES
AT THE OTHER END OF THE ROPE!



GOLDEN ARROW RESSSES
THE SHERPADE'S MEETING!



LOOKS THAT PA
SINE GORSON'S BAD
MEN-- ALL THREE O'
THEM COTCHED BY
GOLDEN ARROW!

WAWOO!
JIFFEE
FER
GOLDEN
ARROW!

GOLDEN ARROW RIDES
UP TO THE TOWN
JAIL



JAIL IS THE
ONLY PLACE
FOR HIRSD
KILLERS WHO
WIND. WE'LL
REPORT THESE
WITH THE
SHERIFF

SINE GORSON-- THE
MOST SURPRISED MAN
IN TOWN!



JEFF, TELL ME--
DO YOU SEE WHAT
I SEE?

YEP SINE--
GOLDEN ARROW'S
BROUGHT IN
YOUR PRECIOUS
KILLERS-- HE STRUNG
'EM STEERS!

ALL SHOW THAT
YOUNG MEDDLER HE
CAN'T PUT SINE
GORSON'S MEN IN
JAIL! COME
ON!



BATES, AFTER BAIL IS PAID,

A FINE BUNCH OF KILLERS
YOU ARE-- LETTIN' A KID
LIKE GOLDEN ARROW
THROW AND HOG-TIE
YOU!



IT WAS
GOLDEN
ARROW'S
HORSE--
TOOK US
BY
SURPRISE

YEN, BUT
NEXT TIME
WE'LL GET
HIM WITH-
OUT HIS
HORSE!



WELL, FORGET IT,
I'VE GOT AN IDEA
THAT'LL SETTLE
THE PECKY SHEEP-
MEN ONCE AND FOR
ALL! YOU BOYS
COME WITH
ME.



HEAD UPWARD, DEE--
TOWARDS CRAZY RIVER



WHAT NIGHT SILENT FIGURES WORK FEVERISHLY
IN THE BED OF CRAZY RIVER!



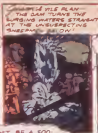
I DON'T GET IT,
CHIEF, WHAT'RE
WE BUILDIN'
DAM'S FOR?

YOU'LL SEE.
JUST REST
YOUR CARCASS
AND WAIT.

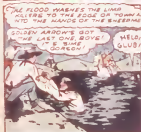


SPRING RAINS MAKE CRAZY
RIVER A SHIFT
CATARACT AS IF BY MAGIC!











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